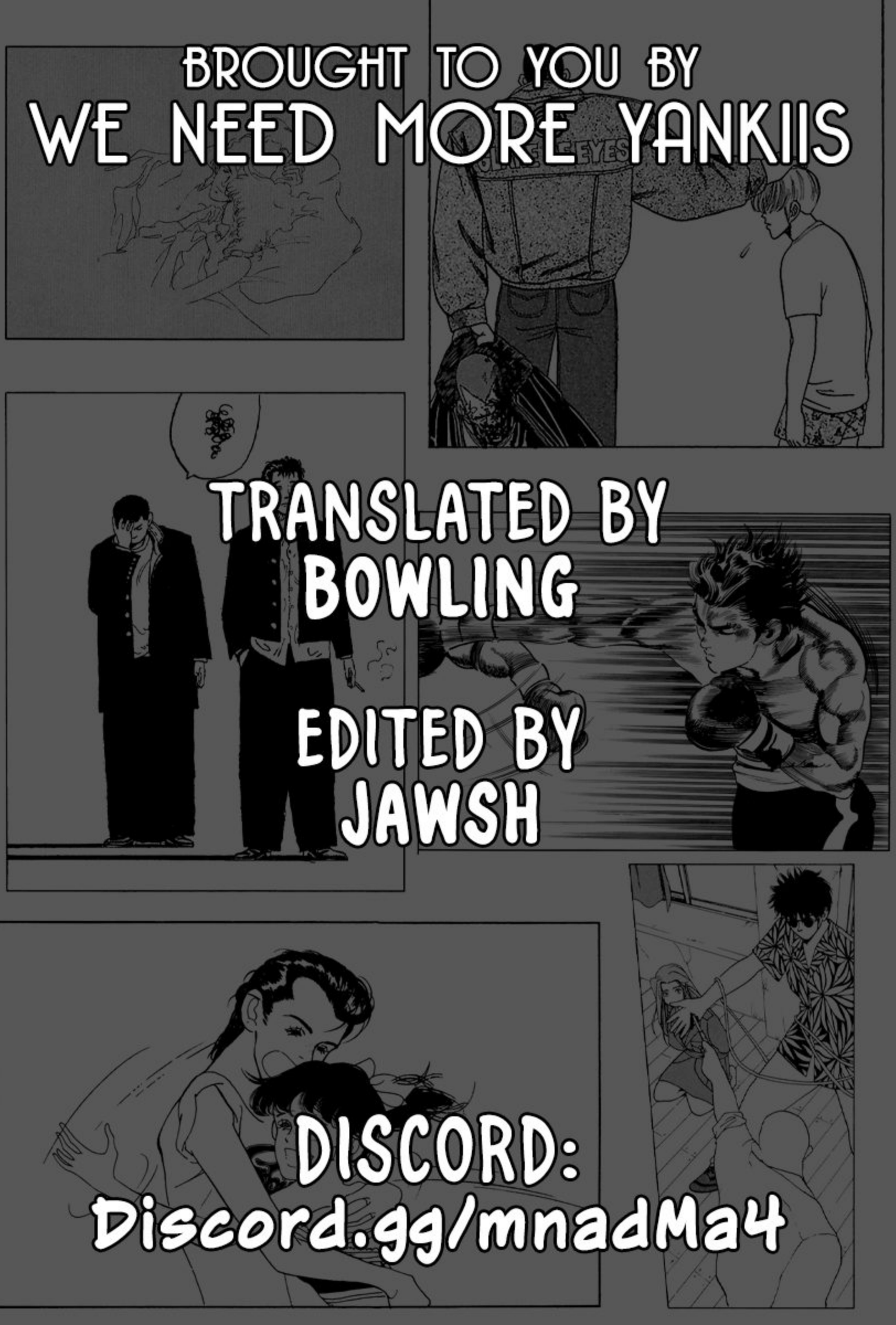
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
WE NEED MORE YANKIIS
TRANSLATED BY
BOWLING
EDITED BY
JAWSH
DISCORD:
Discord.gg/mnadMa4

SCENE.

29

Man and woman, wind and cigarettes

I can't light my cigarette.

The wind's too strong.

What's wrong?

Damn...

That's the last thing I need...

Still no luck?

...

You're up against an anti-smoking wind, it seems.

Oh...

C'mere...

Open up a little more...

A little higher...

Thank you.

All thanks to you.

フー！

Yuck!

Did you light it?

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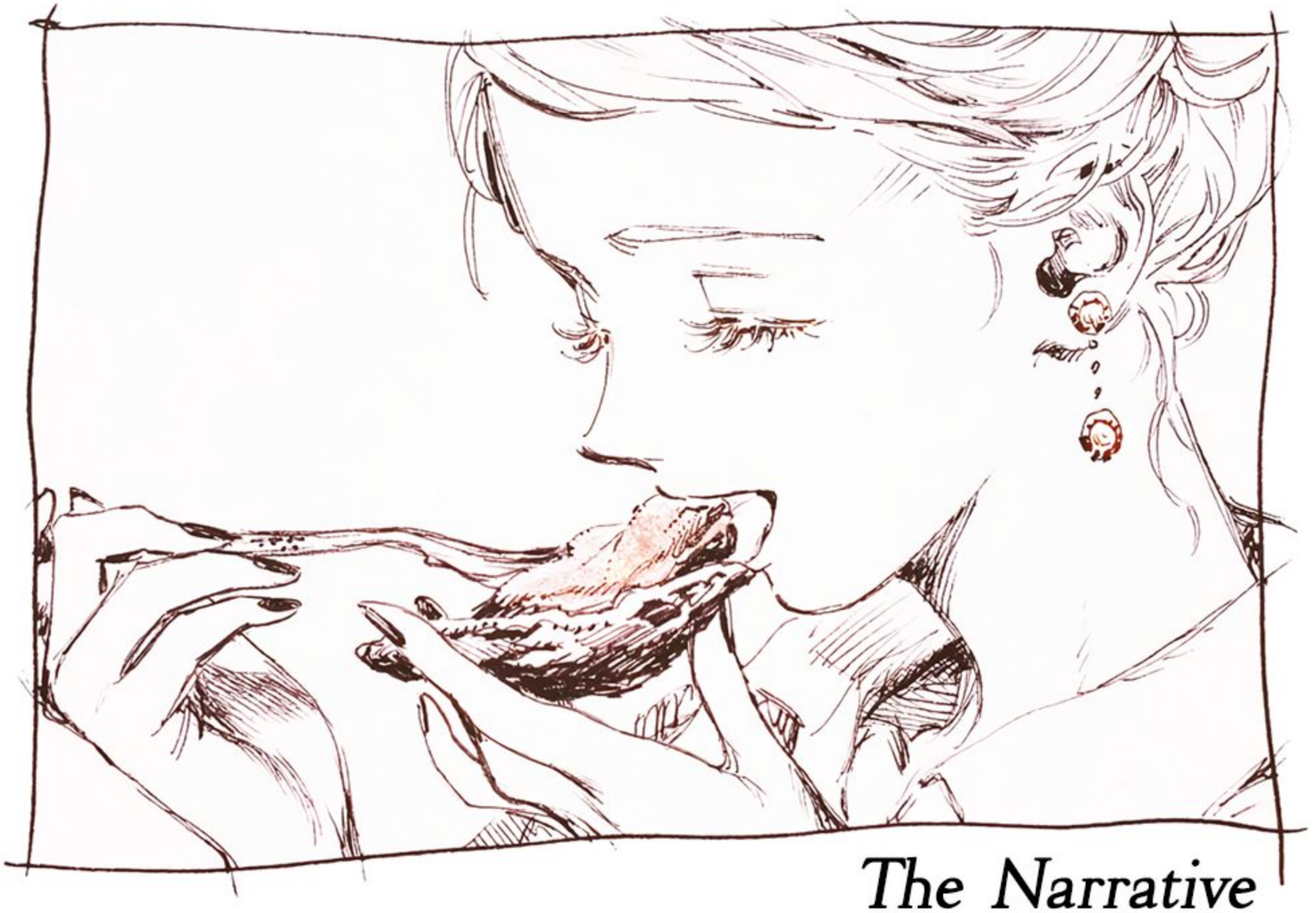

The Narrative

Oysters, wine, a bedroom

"At least it seems to suit your palate.."

He didn't notice the words he said were pronounced with his mouth half-open, something caught between his lips.

When we want something, we often speak with our finger in front of our mouth,

but in his case, more often than not, it was a cigarette. A cigarette yet to be lit.

"I love it."

She had already eaten a number of them.

"One more..." she said, running her finger and fork over the silver plate.

The tip of her fingers shone with lemon juice.

"It's the first time I've seen someone eating oysters with such enthusiasm!"

Seeing something for the first time wasn't something he could usually do so easily.

It was becoming of him.

She decided these words' essence was found in the liquid that was swelling in the delicate shell.

She's the one to put her finger to her mouth this time.

So that she wouldn't spill a drop.

Veil

Graceful White